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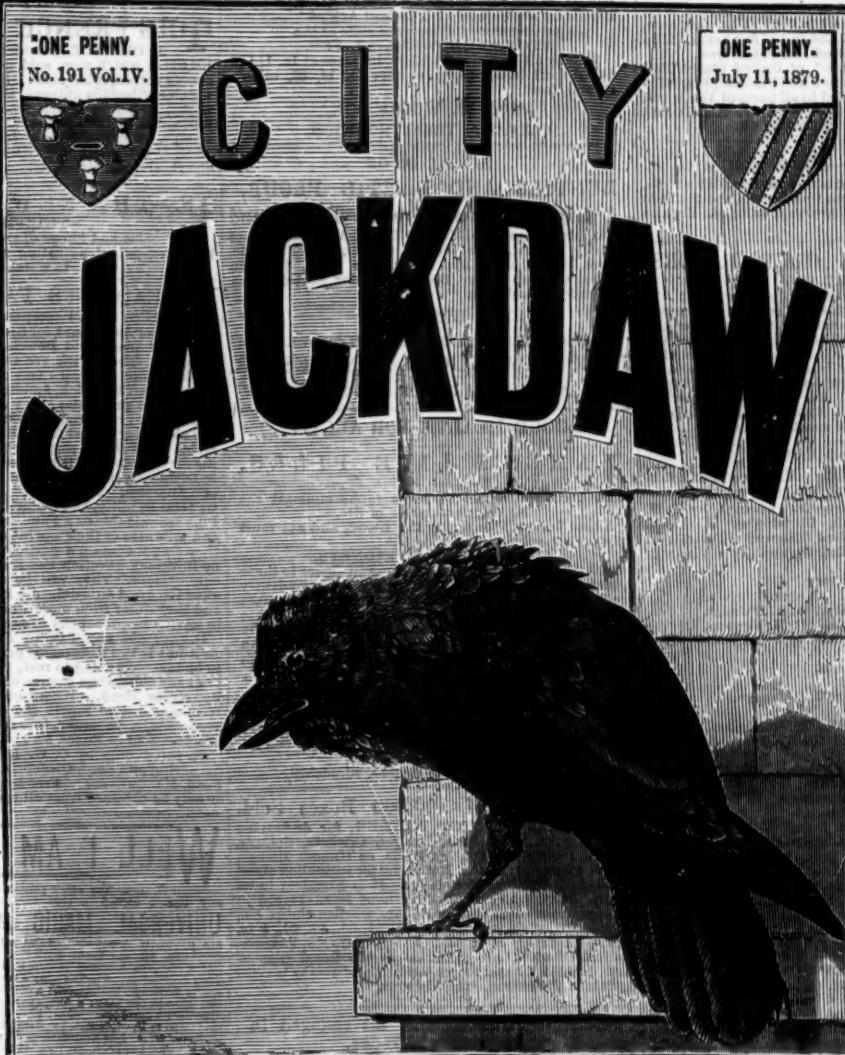
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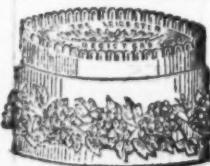
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# THE CITY JACKDAW;

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 191.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TOWN HALL SILHOUETTES.

### MR. COUNCILLOR HARWOOD.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

MR. JOHN JAMES HARWOOD is a gentleman who has gone into the City Council for the distinct purpose of working. He likes work for its own sake, as well as for its legitimate results in power and reputation. By work, hard work early, very early and very late, he has attained his position as a large employer of other workers, and the latter have all to do likewise, or to walk their respective chalks. Mr. Harwood will not listen to the voice of the sluggard or hear him complain; he hates sluggards, and will have none of their conversation.

He is the antipodes of namby-pambyism, and does not comprehend trifling with anything; even were it only a mutton chop he would respect that lump of nutritive matter too much as one of God's gifts to pick at it indifferently, or lay an idle listless knife and fork beside it. Indeed, a very real man, with an all-round inflexibility which, if it appear occasionally hard and even cruel, is only an honest striving after reality and verity, and a protest against shams. Introduce Mr. Harwood to a well-connected well-educated sham, and he gets red in the face, and manifests quite a turbulent style of speech; we have then the red rag and the bull—and a Bashan-like roaring. The bull's voice is lifted up, and his tail accompanies his voice. Such men—even when they are mistaken in their antagonism, which they not infrequently are—have, nevertheless, a very healthy influence upon the public opinion which they partially create and by which they must, ultimately, be judged. A strong will and a dogged perseverance, combined with a speaking power above the average, are sure to make themselves felt in any assembly: and these are the leading qualifications of Mr. Councillor Harwood, and they make themselves felt at the Town Hall, where Mr. Harwood is, perhaps, respected and feared in pretty equal proportions. Respected he ought to be for his unstinted, unselfish devotion to the duties he has espoused; and feared he is as an unsparing denunciator of all which he considers wrong. He is, however—to his credit be it said—an open foe, and always fights in the open. The art of sapping and mining he recognises just enough to enable him to call a spade a spade. Occasionally earwiggled by outsiders, as all our municipal representatives are—the utmost caution on their part notwithstanding—Mr. Harwood quickly pulls himself together again after an operation of the sort; and you may be sure that the same earwig will never have a second chance—on the contrary, the anathema maranatha goes out against that earwig to all eternity, and fair toe-and-heel crunching is his manifest destiny.

Some members of the City Council are always seeking for power and never attaining it; these may be called the Machiavellians—miners and counterminers, professors of the job direct and the dodge indirect, button-holers, lobbiers. These amass momentarily a handful of power, but it granulates and slips through their fingers almost before they have enjoyed its feel. Either in these papers or elsewhere we have before remarked that the City Council as a whole is a very perceptive and sagacious body, which will in nowise permit liberties; it possesses a collective instinct, and honours much the law of self-preservation. Consequently the men who gain the most power in the Council are those who go in for that power unconsciously, whose doctrines are not fashioned to the varying hour—who speak of that which they do know and testify to that which they do feel.

Now Mr. Harwood—like most of us—does not despise the sweets of power, but he does not seek to trample down others in his quest for power. Constant endeavour must tell in the end, and so this gentleman is getting—has got to the front, perhaps with some feeling of surprise to himself and

of envy amongst his compeers. The gush of his activity is certain to splash someone; it is a very aggressive activity and makes wide circles in the municipal pool. Hearty in his advocacy, hearty in his opposition—he has a sort of quickly coursing full-bloodedness, which arouses now and again amongst his colleagues a fierce desire to try conclusions with him. He has taken a dislike to the Health Committee, or rather to their work, and fancies that there is no health in them but rather dead men's bones—and he follows the Health Committee with unrelenting antipathy. If it be urged on behalf of that Committee that they have a very uphill work to do, that their aims are excellent and have not altogether been in vain—that they should in common fairness have ample room and verge enough to carry out their schemes—Mr. Harwood will have none of these excuses, but incontinently fires another shot into their cinder-sifters, and bids them not be of good cheer.

Next to vindicators of the Health Committee, Mr. Harwood probably dislikes Tories most; yet they are not more intimately associated with ashpits or patent excrementitious mortar or manure than their political opponents. But the worthy Councillor hates Tories and hates them with a regular active hatred, but of course only as politicians. As men they may be permitted to live, move, and have their being, and their beer and bread and cheese in peace. This is as it should be; in how mild a form soever let brotherly love continue.

In his conduct of public business Mr. Harwood nearly always puts the saddle on the right horse; but we think that he is sometimes apt to pull the girths too tight, and not to allow sufficiently for windage.

## THE GREEK AND ENGLISH PERFORMANCES.

THE special performances in Greek and English, on Friday last, had a double interest to the Greek residents in this city, and we were much disappointed in seeing the auditorium so thinly attended. The appearance of Mr. Adronopoulos, an Athenian tragedian, in Greek tragedy, and the *debut* of a new "Juliet" in the person of Miss Edmiston, who is the daughter of a once well-known Greek merchant of this city, were events which certainly ought to have attracted a larger audience amongst the Greeks themselves. Mr. Adronopoulos, whose introduction of the character of the unhappy "Aristodemus," to the Queen's Theatre, produced a powerful effect upon his audience last Friday, is an actor who ranks very high in his profession, and deservedly so. He has every qualification of an eminent actor, a noble presence, a most admirable voice, capable of every modulation of tone which can distinguish the passions, and yet, in the height of his whirlwind of declaration, or in the depths of its impassioned misery, preserves an articulate distinctness which never fails, and the actions which accompany his long speeches are so speaking in themselves that even those who did not understand Greek could follow the player as if he was English in word as well as action. He is a man of great talents, and his performance was excellent. Of the fair Shakesperian *debutantes*, whom, by-the-bye, we remember to have seen once before on the Manchester boards, with the Bandmanns, we can only say that she is so peculiarly endowed by nature with all the qualifications of a "Juliet" that the part seems natural to her, and the grace which accompanied every look and motion gave an effect to the character seldom seen in an actress so new to the boards. Her "Lady Teazle" is also a very clever impersonation, the face beaming with mirth and gaiety in one scene, shadowed with doubt and uncertainty in the next, and utterly sunk with remorse and penitence at the close, is a sure passport to an enlightened audience, and we believe that, like Miss Wallis and Miss Neilson, who were also pupils of Mr. Ryder, when the first crudeness is banished from her performance, as her confidence in herself becomes greater, she will prove a most valuable acquisition to the English Shakesperian and high-class drama.

## BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactury, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 5s.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

## OLD FOES WITH NEW FACES.

[A PARODY.]

**J**N the days when we went canvassing, a long time ago,  
The Tories then were in full crow, and everywhere they go :  
Their hands were strong, their hearts were hard, and very soft their  
brains ;  
And much they loved to live at ease, and thrive on others' pains,  
The "good old rule" was then in force—that very ancient plan,  
"That they should take who have the power and they should keep  
who can."  
The duty to their neighbour thus was taught in that good old school,  
And all who talked of justice were set down as knave or fool,  
Those "good old times" were good for them, but not for us—and so  
We then began our canvassing, a long time ago.  
The Tories then, as now, were wont their money scarce to find,  
And very often much perplexed they were to "raise the wind."  
The common wants of life to tax seemed of all ways the best ;  
What matter if the poor man died—they little were distract.  
'Twas very hard in those old times for men to live at all,  
And, if one was not very strong, he went straight to the wall.  
They taxed our food, our soap, our clothes, they taxed our windows  
even,  
They taxed our papers, taxed our books, they taxed the road to Heaven.  
They told us Heaven was not a place where such as we should go :  
In the days when we went canvassing, a long time ago.  
And when we said it was not fair, they called us discontented—  
An idle, brutal, unwashed mob, and worse abuse they vented.  
They strung us up and shot us down, imprisoned us by dozens ;  
They treated us as now they treat the negroes, their first cousins.  
They filled the workhouses and gaols, but did not fill the schools,  
Because they thought it safer far to keep us always fools.  
They said it was our trade to work, and not to learn our letters ;  
'Twas learning quite enough to learn respect for them, our betters.  
But, taught by us, they're wiser grown, and do not now say so,  
As when we went our canvassing, a long time ago.  
When people get bad names they try to pass under some other,  
In hopes that honest men will fail their old tricks to discover ;  
"Conservative," "Protectionist"—these words once served their pass,  
And "Constitutionalist" is now their latest alias.  
There's not a felon in the dock can show more names than they,  
But all in vain their actions still the Tory true display ;  
For still they are the same bad lot, to truth and right the foe,  
As when we went our canvassing, a long time ago.  
So let us sing, "God bless the Queen, and long may be her reign,  
May freedom and prosperity her happy land contain ;  
Britannia and Hibernia be in union strong combined,  
The shamrock, thistle, and the rose, for ever be intertwined."  
Free trade, free state, free thought, free church—let this our pro-  
gramme be ;  
And be in fact, as well as name, the empire of the free.  
So let us to ourselves be true, and all be up and busy ;  
Hurrah for Gladstone, and for Bright ! down with the trickster Dizzy !  
And so we'll merrily live at home, and peace and plenty know,  
And talk of our past canvassing in days so long ago.

## MEN OF THE PERIOD.

## I.—THE MUSICAL MAN.

**T**HE greatest bore on earth, to his friends, is the musical man. That is the man who knows a little of almost every musical instrument, but is master of none. He can generally scrape a few excruciating discords on the violin. If he can play half-a-dozen noisy exercises, he carries his violin out with him to every friend's house he visits at. He can strum a few tunes on the piano, and don't his friends know those tunes well ! He sings, or thinks he does, and does not need very much pressing, though he always either vows he has a dreadful cold, or that he does not profess to sing, and has left his music at home, but will try to oblige his friends. Sometimes the young man has a deep, husky voice, then, of course, he sings a weak sentimental love story, a great deal too high, and it is really painful to watch his frantic endeavours to reach the top note ; or he has a high, rasping voice, and then sings a deep, rich, baritone song, much to the indignation of his hearers, not listeners. The other evening, a gentleman was asked to sing. He coolly told us he could not sing well until he had sung ten songs, then he felt "in voice." As he only sang nine, we did not hear him sing well, much to our sorrow. He cares for nothing but music, and if he or some other person is not either playing or singing he must be talking about it, which, to do him justice, he can, very often, do pretty well. We cannot

understand how it is that some people understand the theory of music so well and yet make such blunders when they try to put their theory into practice. It must be that their conceit blinds them, and sometimes deafens them, too. Another peculiarity is, that they often carry a roll of—well—music, we suppose, about with them. They never take this mysterious roll if they go to spend the evening anywhere—only when they call. We have never been able to fathom this, and the probability is we never shall. Well, there are worse faults than being musical, and we suppose they are happy, for "ignorance is bliss." Only we must honestly confess we like the visits of musical friends to be few and far between.

## II.—PAYING MEN.

Some men have a great objection to parting with their money ; and, generally, the man who has plenty is the one who sticks to it. As long as he can get a friend to part with his own money he will let him do so. I dare say my observant readers have often noticed, that in regard to money, there are three classes of men. The first is always ready with his money. You may be sure he has not too much money—the ready man never has. He is a good-natured simpleton. No doubt he thinks he is liked and respected, but, unfortunately, he is mistaken. Let anyone expostulate with his friends about them allowing him to pay over and above his share, and in nine cases out of ten the answer will be, "If he is fool enough to do it, let him." The second class never pays if he can possibly help it. He gazes round in an abstracted manner while a friend pays. But very often he is a noisy blustering fellow, who seems to think he has done his friend a great kindness by allowing him the privilege of paying for him. It really is peculiar how quiet these noisy blusterers become in their own houses. One glance from their wife is enough ; and she is often quiet and demure-looking. The third class rushes up in a great hurry, directly he sees it is too late. Then, of course, he is very annoyed, and declares that "It is too bad ; 'pon honour, 'tis, you know, to go and do a feller like that. Really makes outsiders think one mean. Mustn't happen again." Yet, singularly (?) enough, they are late the next time. Of course, there are many men who do not belong to any of these classes, who pay their way, and will not have their friends, the simpletons, imposed upon. It is a pity there are not more of these strong-minded men.

## HOLT CASTLE, LANCASHIRE.

[FROM "OUR OWN COUNTRY."]

**J**N 1410 a Charter of Incorporation was granted by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, to Holt, which made the place a borough, with this peculiar stipulation, that only Englishmen should share in its privileges. The Castle of Holt was five-sided, had a tower at each of its corners, and enclosed a wide space for its courtyard. In the year 1485, Henry VII, being then king, the Lordship and Castle of Holt were granted to Sir William Stanley, who repaired and altered the building at very great expense. On the subsequent attainder of Sir William for high treason, the king resumed the lordship, and confiscated to his own use the jewels, plate, and money found within the castle, they being valued at more than £40,000. This treasure was said to have been the spoils of Bosworth Field. The real estate belonging to Sir William, and also confiscated, was valued at £3,000 a year. In 1535 Henry VIII granted the castle and lordship to his illegitimate son, Henry Fitzroy ; but this lad died at the age of seventeen, and the property again reverted to the Crown. During the reign of Edward VI, the lordship and castle were held by Thomas Seymour (brother of the Protector, Somerset), Lord Admiral, who collected here a large magazine of stores and ammunition. His ambitious projects, whatever they may have aimed at, were stopped by a charge of high treason, of which, being found guilty, he was beheaded on Tower Hill. Once more the castle reverted to the Crown, and was held by King Charles in 1648, when it was wrested from him by the Parliamentarians, and like the castles of Chirk and Powis was retaken and again besieged. The governor at this time was Sir Richard Lloyd, who defended Holt Castle for more than a month, the Parliamentarians being commanded by Major-General Mytton. After a very gallant defence, Sir Richard secured honourable terms of capitulation ; but it was during this holding of the castle that the Royalists burnt forty houses in the town, the burgesses of Holt being much in favour of the Parliamentarians. The castle was subsequently dismantled by order of the Parliament, and in 1742 only a few fragments of the walls were left.

**COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS** (MADE TO ORDER.) **JOHN CRETHERAM**, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 39, TIR STREET, MANCHESTER. (Repairs neatly executed.)

## A ROSE SHOW AT HEAVILEY.

HERE is perhaps nothing which has a more refining effect upon our rough human nature than the cultivation and love of flowers. They seem somehow to possess over us a gentle influence, which, although we deeply feel, we cannot always understand. It is a notable feature in the appreciation of flowers that so many of our working men have so great a regard for them. This is especially seen in the district around Manchester. In accordance with an invitation, we last Sunday attended a rose show on a small scale, organised by a body of men who, to say the least, do not move in aristocratic circles, and held at the Bamford Arms, Heaviley, near Stockport. We were very much pleased. In some quarters a general impression prevails that flower shows held at public-houses generally end in a lot of jealousy and wrangling, but on this occasion nothing of that sort occurred. Of course, very good people will tell you that it is very wicked indeed to attend such Sunday meetings; although they would consider it quite proper that the Botanical Gardens should be open on the day of rest. Several prizes, varying in amount, were given, the first, second, and third falling respectively to Thomas Taylor, Philip Leigh, and Thomas Smith. There was also a splendid exhibition of calcularins, lent for the occasion by John Hopwood, weaver, Stockport Moor. The meetings of the society are held on the first Sunday in every month. Mr. J. A. Potter is the president, and Mr. A. Marsland proves an able and obliging secretary. We wish our botanical friends at Heaviley every success, and shall be at all times glad to briefly note their proceedings.

VETERAN-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.  
THE ZULU PROCESS.

[FROM "FUNNY FOLKS."]

**F**LISTEN to the *World*: "When Lord Chelmsford returns to England, his friends will hardly know him. I am assured by one of his staff that he looked twelve years older the day after Isandula. Then the disaster to Captain Moriarty was a terrible shock to the General, and seemed to age him still more."

What if this kind of thing is to continue? By the time the war is ended our sensitive General will be too feeble even to retire on half-pay. Our Prophetic Dramatist can see the veteran-making process carried out to the bitter end, after this fashion:

*Scene: The General's Tent. General discovered. Enter an Aide-de-Camp, hurriedly.*

LORD CHELMSFORD: W-what is it?

[Turns grey all over one side of his head with apprehension.]

AIDE-DE-CAMP: One of our oxen surprised by an overwhelming force of the enemy, General, and—

LORD CHELMSFORD: Not captured?

AIDE-DE-CAMP: I regret to say it is so, my lord.

LORD CHELMSFORD: Ah!

[Turns grey all over the other side.]

AIDE-DE-CAMP (meaningly): Do you scent nothing, my lord?

LORD CHELMSFORD (sniffling and trembling violently): Steaks! Oh, surely these remorseless fiends would be satisfied with taking the unhappy animal prisoner. They wouldn't butcher him in cold blood.

[Becomes suddenly bald, and loses four of his back teeth in the agony of the moment. A week elapses, during which the General broods away all his remaining teeth, save one.]

Enter AIDE-DE-CAMP once more.

AIDE-DE-CAMP: Dispatches, my lord, from Colonel Soanso's column. The orderly who brought them gave very bad news of Privates Smith and Robinson. The other night they contrived to get drunk and fall over a precipice.

LORD CHELMSFORD (groaning): Another disaster to the British army!

[His hearing utterly fails him. More days elapse, and the General, thinking over the fate of Smith and Robinson, develops rheumatism, dimness of sight, lumbago, and measles.

Enter the AIDE-DE-CAMP.

AIDE-DE-CAMP (bawling): Catoway's just outside!

LORD CHELMSFORD: Gracious! And we are not harassed! (Dedders.)

AIDE-DE-CAMP: You misunderstand, General. He has come in to surrender and make peace.

LORD CHELMSFORD: Thank goodness!

[CURTAIN.]

## TRACY TURNERELLI'S ADDRESS.

*Scene: Metropolis. In the Crystal Palace. Tracy Turnerelli addressing the "vast assemblage" of disappointed worshippers of "Dixy."*

*Time: Some days after the receipt of Lord Beaconsfield's letter refusing the Wreath.*

*Helps to the Oration: Said letter, wreath, and casket, in which the wreath lies desolately.*

**F**RIENDS! Patriots! Lend me your ears, I come to speak in justice of Disraeli; The error he commits is cried abroad, The good is trampled under foot by Whigs, And shall Tories say Amen? The envious Whigs Have said Disraeli is ambitious; If it were so, it was a grievous fault, But his last action flings to them the lie. Here under leaves of Wags—I mean the Whigs (For they are mighty fond of giving leave As they are all, all honourable men) Come I, to speak of our great statesman's wrath, True, he is great, though humble to a fault. Yet the Whigs say he is ambitious— And the Whigs are honourable men. He hath brought treaties to our England home, With "peace" for us, and "honour" for himself. Did this in "Dixy" seem ambitions? Yet the Whigs say he is ambitious— And the Whigs are honourable men. When that the poor have cried, hath he not kept Their tears in check by promises, and speech, And loud high souled intoned orations, And marchings after conquests far from home? Yet the Whigs say he is ambitious— And sure they are all honourable men. You all do know that on a morn in June, I did present to him this golden wreath, Which he did then refuse: is this ambition? Yet the Whigs say he is ambitious— And sure they are all honourable men. I speak not to disprove what the Whigs speak, But I am here to speak what I do know— Truth! the very truth in reason's justice. Oh, reason! art thou fled to brutish beasts, And have men lost their judgment?

Bear with me;

My heart is in this casket with the wreathlet, And I must pause till it come back to me.

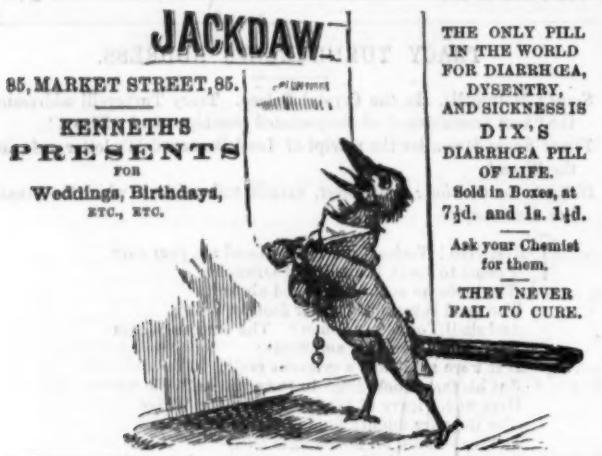
## A CLERGYMAN'S JUSTICE.

**A**PITEOUS tale of clerical tyranny and infant hardship comes from Cornwall. It appears that two little children were so horribly wicked as to pluck a flower in the parish churchyard of Lelant in that county. Regardless of the enormous amount of sin they were accumulating upon their infantile heads, they actually had the innocent hardihood to pull a flower within the sacred precincts of God's acre. Wicked little wretches! though ye had evidently no idea of the enormity of your crime, though ye had not the consciousness that the devil stood at your elbow in the likeness of a tombstone, yet the tingling sensation at your fingers' ends ought to have admonished you, but it was not to be—the cup of your bitterness was predestined to be filled to the brim. The Rev. Mr. Tyake prosecuted these two guilty beings, and when the bench thought that a fine would most appropriately meet the case, the worthy clergyman used all the endeavours he was master of to get them sent to a reformatory for some years. Happily, however, the bench did not view the case through the sacerdotal spectacles of the Rev. Mr. Tyake, and so a small fine was imposed. But, alas! the parents of the two culprits were both poor and indigent widows, and could not pay the fines imposed, so the reverend gentleman had the grim satisfaction of seeing the two little children sent in default to Bodmin Gaol, forty miles away. The whole tale is so very monstrous that it would be seriously open to grave doubt if it was not well authenticated. We suppose that the Rev. Mr. Tyake will preach a great sermon upon Christian forgiveness and mercy to the mothers of the unfortunate children when they once more behold their persecuted bairns. The affair really deserves inquiry from distinguished quarters.

A PROFOUND writer says, "We are created especially for one another." Then why blame the cannibals in wanting to get their share?

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D.; also Mrs. Lewis. Analysed by Otto Hehner, F.C.S., and sold in Tins at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d., by all respectable Grocers. Makers—BROOK & CO., 76, Hanover-st, Manchester.



## TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday, July 11.—Oh, Rest in the Lord.  
 Saturday, " 12.—Oft in the Still Night.  
 Sunday, " 13.—Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.  
 Monday, " 14.—Coming Through the Rye.  
 Tuesday, " 15.—Farewell Manchester.  
 Wednesday, " 16.—Ye Banks and Braes.  
 Thursday, " 17.—Caller Herring.

## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—*The Flying Scud.* Sarah Thorne's Company.  
 Monday.—*After Dark.*  
 Prince's Theatre.—*Peril.*  
 Monday.—*Stolen Kisses.*  
 Queen's Theatre.—*The Scamps of London.*  
 Alexandra Hall.—Variety Entertainment.  
 Gaisty.—Variety Entertainment.  
 People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.  
 Keith's Circus.—Tannaker's Japanese Troupe.  
 Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens. Fireworks.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**T**HIS is the latest American novelty:—"A Yankee traveller in 'notions' has succeeded in clearing 'something handsome' during a brief tour through the Canadian frontier districts by selling to the 'blue-noses' an infinite number of neatly made-up packets, at ten cents apiece, bearing the promising inscription, 'Certain death to the potato-beetle, without the least risk of poisoning to other animals, as is the case with Parisian green!' The packet must not be opened until the moment when its contents are to be used. Full instructions as to method of use will be found inside the covering!" As the Colorado beetle has been working infinite mischief to the Canadian potato plantations, 'Certain death to the potato-beetle' found a rapid sale among the farmers on the boundary. When, however, the purchasers of this nostrum opened their respective packets with a view to the utilisation of 'Certain death,' they found that they had purchased two thin blocks of plain deal, upon one of which were pasted the following terse and simple instructions:—"Place the beetle upon this piece of wood; then squeeze him with the other. If sufficient force be applied, his instant demise will ensue." Ridiculous and frivolous as this item may appear to our readers as a matter of news, the irrepressible *Daily Telegraph* has devoted a lead to it. We wonder what the columns of the *D. T.* will effervesce with next! No wonder that its most cherished correspondent is going in for Parliamentary honours; G. A. S. is one of the greatest essentials at St. Stephens.

A VERY amusing scene transpired in the justice court in Naugatuck recently. A constable was preferring a charge against a party whom he had arrested for drunkenness or rather was giving in his testimony relative to the case. "The prisoner," he said, "was lying upon the steps of May's

drug store; he was abusive in his language to passers-by, besides which he called me a fool." The prisoner conducted his own defence, and at this point he said, "You mean to say that I called you a fool, do you?" "I do," was the reply. Then turning to the court the prisoner said, "I would ask the court if the fact of my calling that man a fool is any evidence that I was drunk?"

THE cat in its domestic capacity may be a favourite with the million, but in its military form is quite another kind of animal, although it still belongs to the same species, viz., the *Feelin'.* It is well known that many of our great and honoured men have had great and mortal antipathy to even the harmless domestic variety. How much greater then is the horror felt by the poor sufferers from the more cruel one. Who cannot sympathise with the sailor who saved his back by the following address to his captain:

"A cat, I am told,  
 In abhorrence you hold—  
 Your honour's aversion is mine;  
 If a cat with one tail  
 Makes your stout heart to quail,  
 Oh, save me from one that has nine!"

A WESTERN editor thus kindly alludes to a contemporary: "He is young yet; but he can sit at his desk and brush cobwebs from the ceiling with his ears."

THE following appeared recently in one of the papers published in modern Athens: "Wanted, for a Protestant girl a situation sixteen years old."

WHILE four-fifths of the books published in Paris and London are written in those cities, only the smallest portion of the books published in Leipzig, the great book-centre of Germany, are written in the town itself. There are printed in German every year almost as many books as in most of the other chief European languages taken together.

WHOEVER advised H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to entertain the three hundred Irish tenant farmers in the garden of Marlborough House, on the occasion of their late visit to the Agricultural Show, did an act that will bear its fruit on a future day. It was certainly the wisest and most politic thing that ever the prince did in his life. Whilst being duly "refreshed" with biscuits and whiskey they unanimously expressed a hearty wish to welcome their host in "Oireland." Altogether the whole affair was a great success, and will make the heir-apparent quite popular amongst at least one class of the Irish people, and the most influential class in the country. We can only deplore the fact that Her Majesty did not welcome them in person when they afterwards visited St. James's Palace, instead of leaving the lady who fills the station of housekeeper there to do the honours. Such a reception as that would have done more to cure the existing disaffection in Ireland, and to stop the obstructive policy of the House of Commons patriots than all the Acts of Parliament ever recorded in Hansard.

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, in his narrative of travel in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "The weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying he had been where "it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail."

"Boy, define the difference in meaning between experimental philosophy and natural philosophy." "Why, sir, experimental philosophy is our asking you to give us a half-holiday, and natural philosophy your saying, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'"

IS it possible that our retired army officers have at last discovered their true vocation? The London Co-operative Laundry Company has issued its prospectus and directors' list. Amongst the names thereon we read Major Stirling, late Royal Artillery; Captain H. Wombwell, late Royal Horse Guards; Captain W. Pitt Butts, Governor of Her Majesty's Convict Establishment, Woking. It certainly is more to the credit of the military system of the country to make old officers into washerwomen than to appoint old washerwomen to be officers. If a branch laundry could only be opened in Zululand, we think the board of directors could be selected on the spot with the Commander-in-Chief as chairwoman. How long will it take to wash the stains out of the British flag there?

W. WHITTER,

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKSPEARE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKSPEARE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

## THE AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION.

THE motion of Mr. Chaplin for a Royal Commission to inquire into the cause of the present depression in agriculture, was the occasion of one of those powerful speeches from Mr. John Bright of which we have now far too few. Mr. Chaplin's motion did not indicate the supposed cause of the depression, but simply prayed Her Majesty to issue a commission, charged to ascertain if the causes of the depression were temporary or permanent, and whether brought about by the state of the law, or could be remedied by legislation. Mr. Chaplin at once showed his conviction by declaring that if he were an Irish farmer he should never be content to have his labours sacrificed for the benefit of the English manufacturers. This bait to catch the Home Rulers, and create another Irish grievance, did not take, and he forthwith plunged into a downright protectionist speech, in which there was nothing new, but only a statement of conclusion from admitted facts, which facts speak very differently to other men—notably, Mr. Bright. Mr. McIver and others followed Mr. Chaplin with speeches mainly protectionist in tone, and then Mr. Bright rose to treat the House to an exposure of the hollowness of these quack nostrums for the revival of agricultural prosperity. He stated his sympathy with the farmer, and expressed his concurrence in the propriety of a Royal Commission upon the depression in trade if those gentlemen who moved it would enlarge its scope, and make its utility felt all round. He said: You feel that the position of the agricultural labourer is one with which you are bound to express your satisfaction. (Hear, hear.) He hoped there was not one on that side of the House who would wish that the agricultural labourer should go back to the condition from which he had been dragged by the influence of free trade. (Cheers.) But now, at the time when that committee were reporting, you had had for your agriculture protection of the most stringent kind for not less than about 20 years. The last refuge of cowardice, and idleness, and greed, which is the protective system, had been tried and failed. (Loud cheers.) People were driven to potatoes, as your own witnesses have proved—(Oh, oh,) and the farmer had been protected to an immense extent. The committee came to the conclusion that they could do nothing further by law-making to relieve agriculture from the burdens which pressed upon it, and Parliament came to a deadlock on the matter. All the nostrums of all the quack doctors, and all that simpletons had suggested, had either been tried and had failed, or were found so absurd that they had to be rejected—(hear, hear)—and from this experience the hon. member for Mid-Lincolnshire asks us to try the same thing over again. His speech aimed at protection. The honourable member asked for an inquiry, but what was that inquiry to inquire into? He would like to ask those honourable members opposite what they wanted to inquire into, and what they hoped the inquiry would bring about if not protection? How many landowners or sons of landowners were there in that house? He should think there must be about 400 out of the 658 members of the House. Well, they were a fair tribunal to decide questions of land from the landowner's view; but as regards tenant farmers, that was another question. (Loud cheers.) What did hon. gentlemen opposite propose? They had brought forward a question which affected them and interested them all, but they had calamities in Lancashire, and he was not there to ask for a Parliamentary inquiry into them. Again he asked hon. gentlemen what was it they wished to inquire into, and what did they wish to arrive at? He had sat there for years, but he had never heard a word from those opposite in favour of what all their tenants were asking Parliament to grant them. (Loud cheers.) They had no remedy and no suggestion to give, but if he had 400 tenant farmers, and he asked them for a suggestion, what would they say? (Loud cheers, and cries of "Pototion" from the Conservative benches.) They would say that it was necessary to give them that security for improvements and expenditure which he rather thought Her Majesty's Government wanted to give them at one time, but which they (the Conservatives) would not allow them to give, and which they resisted, and would not allow to pass through the House. (Loud cheers from the Opposition benches.) When he came to the question of the commission again his opinion was that it could tell them nothing new, and that whatever it could say in these matters it would not convince hon. gentlemen opposite. (Hear, hear.) He asked the hon. member for Mid-Lincolnshire why he did not look a little further. The ironmasters and the coalowners in that House could tell a dreary story. And then, again, what could be said about cotton? In one sentence, it could tell them nothing new. He held in his hand a slip from a Manchester paper which gave the names of 122

companies in that trade. In 111 cases under the word "dividend" was the word "nil." Then there were 20 other firms mentioned, under 14 of which he saw the word "nil." One company, with the largest dividend, 12 per cent, he noticed, was a firm of brewers. (A laugh.) Was it possible, then, that all people outside of the "barney" business had none of the sympathies of the hon. gentlemen opposite? He asked that if a committee were granted it should inquire into the condition of other classes as well as agricultural. The noble lord who had spoken, and who wished to move an amendment to this motion, referred to the question of hypothec in Scotland. The law was more extended and more unjust than it was here in England, but, notwithstanding this, honourable members were always ready to vote against its abolition in Scotland, because they felt that there was a little of the same kind of thing in England. (Cheers.) It was only when we were coming near a general election that hon. gentlemen allowed the bill to pass a second reading. (Opposition cheers.) It was extraordinary what an effect the prospects of a general election had upon the bench opposite. (Laughter.) He warned the hon. member for Mid-Lincolnshire that he was going to open a door, and that door would not be closed until the very fullest inquiry had taken place. Why was it that there were so few owners of the soil in this country? (Cheers from below the gangway.) His honourable friend quoted a work which he hoped every member of the commission, if it were given, would read with his instructions, and if he were not on the commission so that he could give evidence before the commission. The right hon. gentleman then quoted statistics from the work showing the number of landowners in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Two-thirds of England was owned by 10,200 persons, two-thirds of Scotland by 330 persons, and two-thirds of Ireland by 1,942 persons. He thought he need not ask hon. gentlemen opposite if they thought such a state of things was advantageous to the population, or if it could last under a true and national system such as the law provided for all other kinds of property in the three kingdoms.

With this powerful impeachment of protection by the right honourable gentleman, he practically closed the door upon the motion altogether, because he raised the voice of town as against country, or, at least, showed that artisans must on no account be taxed for the benefit of farmers. But, in truth, there was no case made out that the proposed inquiry was necessary. All men agree that bad harvests are the forerunners of bad trade, and if bad trade then much privation, if not suffering, to the great mass of the people, and has Mr. Chaplin and his friends the hardihood to propose that a suffering people shall be taxed in order that farmer-tenants shall pay high rents and that huge unmanageable and badly cultivated farms shall still be the rule in England, instead of small, properly cultivated farms, owned by the farmer himself, as in France? It would appear that this monstrous proposition is that which Mr. Chaplin puts forth, and most assuredly if the Royal Commission sits the enlarged scope of its inquiry will do something to show the effect of a "spirited foreign policy" in destroying trade, as well as of bad weather in destroying crops.

## THE NEW UNIVERSITY.

THE basis of the draft scheme for the government of the new university is reproduced at length in the *Guardian* of yesterday. We have not space to enumerate its conditions, but recommend our readers to peruse the document for themselves. The chief item of interest observable in passing is that the entire body of subscribers, who have raised the very handsome sum (if we recollect rightly) of £280,000, will not, by any sort of popular vote, be represented upon the governing body. The scheme is issued by the Privy Council, and of the whole body of the Governors, twelve out of thirty-nine Governors are to be chosen by the Lord President of the Council, three by the Chancellor, one member each by the incorporated colleges, and four members to be chosen by the undergraduates. Of course, the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor will be of the governing body, the latter, in the first instance, to be the Principal of Owens College, and the office to be tenable at first for not less than five years. We do not see it stated who is to elect the Chancellor, and therefore suppose the first Chancellor will be chosen by the Lord President of the Council, and perhaps afterwards elected by the graduates, as in the older universities. Who are to be eligible for degrees—women and men, or men only—is not stated, but any college may retire from the university, or be expelled by the Governors, on twelve months' notice to that effect. As a very important matter for our educationists it is desirable that the whole scheme should be fully considered by the public now.

## THE STORY OF A CURATE.

"I WAS admitted to holy orders some five-and-thirty years ago, and began my ministry in the diocese of Ely. For a time things went on smoothly. Comparatively a poor man from the beginning, I lived and laboured hoping that the reward of a small benefice might some day crown my patient waiting. So I moved about from one curacy to another, remaining in one parish as curate in sole charge for nearly twenty years. During the time I was so employed I outlived four of my bishops, two in the diocese of Ely, and two in the diocese of Norwich, for I served under Bishops Allen and Turton in Ely, and under the father of the present Dean of Westminster and Dr. Hinds, in Norwich. But hope, like the bird in the story, led me onwards, and at last took flight and left me in broken health, old, and unbefriended. I was never a pushing man, and did not then believe that in the pursuit of Church preferment the race is indeed to the swift and the battle to the strong. The death of my last rector, and the loss of a small patrimony by ill-advised investments, drove me to London to seek rest and medical advice. There my trials began. The little money I had left was soon spent, and being at that time an invalid, and unequal to the exertion of reading or preaching, I looked about for employment which my knowledge of books and some skill as a linguist pointed out as the most likely way by which I might earn the daily bread. Journalism, magazine writing, giving lessons in French, fair copying, and even directing envelopes at five shillings a thousand, were all tried, but every Saturday night the payment of the rent of the single room I occupied devoured the bulk of my six days' earnings, and often left me not more than half-a-crown to battle with the wants of the coming week. I felt myself drifting into a state of penury and want. My books and my sermons were sold, and my clothes that were good for anything went piece by piece to the pawnbroker. But I still struggled on, eating the scanty bread of independence, but suffering the most pinching poverty. This kind of existence lasted more than two years. I wrote to some brother clergymen of the same university, who were my contemporaries, on account of my position. One of them sent my letter to the Mendicity Office, another forwarded my communication to the Charity Organisation Society. I was interviewed by officials from both institutions. They treated me much as is the wont of such men to treat the ordinary mendicants and impostors of London. First, my landlady was asked if her lodger was a drunkard, or owed her any rent. This inquiry being answered satisfactorily, my room was next invaded, and a black note-book produced, in which all my replies to their questions (the inquisitorial and degrading nature of which it is not possible to describe) were carefully entered. The mendicity officer advised me to apply to the Church societies which profess to aid necessitous clergymen. The agent of the Charity Organisation Society gave similar counsel. So I appealed to three of the best known of the Church societies in turn. My references to beneficed clergymen who knew me personally were satisfactory; I had never held or taught any doctrine contrary to that of the Church of England; I never incurred censure from my bishops, or blame from any one of my numerous incumbents. No reason was assigned; but to each application there came a reply of regret from the secretary, civilly worded, but meaning—no. Things were now looking very gloomy. I had sunk into a state of semi-starvation. Pacing the streets in search of employment, with wornout boots and threadbare clothes, I have at times been without food for two consecutive days. Hunger, beyond a certain point, loses its torturing power. After the first twelve hours of fasting the sharper pains disappear, and a dull feeling comes on—not a feeling of pain so much as a sense of intense weariness. The sight of the provision stores and the bakers' shop windows, at first so appetising, loses its attraction, and you pass them without turning the head. So I made up my mind that I must die—die of sheer want, in the midst of the richest city in the world, surrounded by treasures of untold wealth, encompassed by abundance in every form. To all appearance the end was fast coming. One day in the past autumn I had managed, I scarcely know how, to drag myself to a seat near the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. There I sat for hours, hardly knowing where I was. Boys were sailing their toy ships on the water, men were giving their dogs a swim, nursemaids with bright-eyed children were throwing bread to the wild fowl. A flood of golden sunshine poured itself on the trees, and on the shining roof of the palace hard by, and lighted up the many-coloured dresses of ladies who were taking their afternoon walk. It was on Saturday, and I had scarcely tasted food since the previous Thursday. It was, however, a day that brought an end to my suffering from absolute want. An old college friend,

whom I had not seen for many years, was crossing the gardens and recognised me. My story was soon told, and relief promptly given. But for the timely arrival of this good Samaritan I should have perished, and another death from starvation would have formed the subject of a paragraph in the columns of the press, with the information that the latest victim was a clergyman and a scholar. I do not wish to write bitterly, but I would fain have this picture of what may be the possible end and reward of a life spent in the services of the Church taken into consideration by those who are starting in the race. If, after years of patient waiting, a curate should unhappily lose his health and fall out of work, there exists no institution to which he may turn for speedy aid. Mechanics and labourers, with their clubs and benefit societies, are far better provided for than are poor scholars or impoverished clergymen. With me life's little day is well nigh ended."

## ELLESMORE FLORAL FESTIVAL.

THE ancient and picturesque town of Ellesmere, pleasantly situated on the north-western extremity of the county of Salop, and on the road from Whitechurch to Oswestry, was, on Wednesday week, the scene of festivities which are unique in their kind. It appears that in 1811 Lady, or Mrs., Kynaston (they have it both ways), of Hardwick Hall, founded an institution which bears the title of the "Ellesmere Female Friendly Society;" and since that date it has been the custom, once a year, of the members of this club, joined by other inhabitants of the district, to walk in procession from the market-place to the church, each carrying a wand resembling an Alpen-stock, gaily decorated with flowers. After listening to a sermon or address from the vicar, the processionists adjourn to the bowling green to enjoy themselves; the festivities being kept up from three o'clock until dusk. The first Wednesday in July is the day selected for this pastime, and the 68th anniversary was celebrated with great success on the 2nd instant. The weather, though disagreeable in other parts of the country, was remarkably fine at Ellesmere, and added to the *éclat* of the proceedings. The bowling green is situated, as perhaps no other can possibly be, on the top of an eminence overlooking the church; and nearly the height of the steeple. The green occupies the whole of the flat surface of this "hummock;" from which views can be had of the counties of Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and Montgomery. It was once the site of an ancient castle, alternately occupied by the English and the Welsh during the period of the border conflicts, and which Leland mentions as existing down to the early part of the sixteenth century. The southern base of this eminence is washed by the "Eel's Mere," from which the town takes its name, and which covers an area of 120 acres. The slopes of the hill are beautifully wooded; and the paths that wind round to the summit are prettily laid out. The procession, headed by the Ellesmere Volunteer Band, and attended by the vicar and his curate, started from the market-place at three o'clock, and was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Women of all ages, from those just out of their teens to matrons who used their wands as walking-sticks, marched in pairs; and from the style in which they were dressed it would have been difficult to distinguish the mistress from her servant, or the tradesman's daughter from the young lady of the hall. Each competes with the others in the quality of flowers, and the arrangement of the bouquet: and some splendid groupings were exhibited. It is customary to form them principally of roses; but the season being unusually backward, other and greater varieties of flowers had to be substituted. The procession, as it passed into the church-yard and ascended the tree-shaded incline which leads to the church, had a striking and novel effect. The varieties of colour, in dress as well as in flowers, alternating in sunshine and shadow, gave to the pageant more of the appearance of a fairy scene in a pantomime, than the realism of a country town. After the procession and the sermon, tea is provided, weather permitting, on the bowling green; and the tables are furnished and served by the leading ladies of the district, which has a very gratifying effect on the recipients of these favours. On Wednesday the number of young people who took part in the dancing could not have been less than a thousand; a shilling each being charged for admission to the green.

WHEN does a showman display a confused knowledge of vehicular distinctions? When he calls a "car-a-van."

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his girl to marry him, she gave him a soft answer, and a soft answer turned away Wrath.

WHEN you wake up of a night and hear the baby crying look out for danger, for there is a rock ahead.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON.

ROUDLY our young Prince rode forth to the battle,  
Longing for conquest, for fame, and renown,  
Hearing in fancy the cannons' loud rattle,  
The beacon before him was France—and a crown.

Through the years of his childhood, though tenderly cherish'd,  
There beat in his bosom the hopes of a man;  
As when midst the thousands of brave hearts who perish'd,  
He stood unappall'd at the storm of Sedan.

The pride of a mother long widow'd and friendless,  
The love of old comrades his virtues hath won;  
In palace, in cottage, his praises are endless,  
Imperial Prince, great Napoleon's son.

He saw stretch'd before him a wide field of glory,  
A throne to be won, and his country's esteem,  
But nations now mourn as they list to the story  
Of all that is left of his youth's golden dream.

Ah, would he had fallen where warriors are lying,  
That brave, gallant soldier, 'mid carnage of war;  
Had he heard the wild shout of the vanquish'd now flying,  
The trumpet of victory sounding afar.

But the hand of a savage foe, bloodstained and gory,  
Has struck with fell blow the beloved one down,  
When treading the pathway to honour and glory,  
Tho' bitter our sorrow—immortal his crown.

We mourn not alone for the brave and true-hearted,  
Tho' sad and appalling his fate may have been,  
But for her who on earth from her darling is parted,  
Eugenie, the exiled, and desolate Queen.

## OUR "EXTRA SPECIAL" IN WALES.

[Some weeks ago, we despatched our Special on a tour in Wales, instructing him to write a series of sketches on "Life and Manners in Wales," our object being to show how much more comfortably and economically tourists and visitors could be entertained at Southport or Blackpool. The only communication we have since received is the following, which speaks for itself. In justice to the landlords of the Principality, we must admit that we cannot consider it a fair specimen of their little bills.]

Goat in Chains Royal Hotel,  
Llanchymalirmachr.

Mr. Jackdaw,  
To Owen ap Llewellyn Williams Lewis.

For bed, food, and drinks to your young man, than whom one that can drink more I never yet did see.

	£	s.	d.
Ram and Milk in morning.....	0	0	4
" " " for me .....	0	0	4
" " " for your young man .....	0	0	4
" " " for me .....	0	0	4
Cup of Coffee and Brandy.....	0	1	0
Lying on Sofa.....	0	2	0
Attendance .....	0	0	9
Boots .....	0	0	6
Brandy and Soda for young man and me .....	0	2	0
Driving round with your young man to see the country .....	0	10	0
Hire of Conveyance .....	0	15	0
(N.B.—Drinks he paid for on the way, say 5s., I do not charge for.)			
Drinks I paid for .....	0	0	4
Carrying your young man to bed on his return.....	0	1	0
Carrying him down again, as he would insist upon having another drink .....	0	1	0
Champagne .....	1	0	0
Drinks for myself and boots, being very exhausted .....	0	2	0
Putting your young man on Sofa .....	0	1	0
Putting feather pillow under his head .....	0	0	6
Seeing him off by train this morning .....	0	2	0
Boots, Chambermaid, and Waiter .....	0	3	0
Total.....	£	3	11

P.S.—Your remittance per return will oblige.

[Since the receipt of this precious document, we have been informed by a trustworthy member of our staff that our "extra special" has an uncle in some sadly unpronounceable place; and we premise that our friend Boniface is the man. Our "extra special" and his uncle may go on the spree as much as they like, but not at our expense.]

## DEATH OF MR. ALDERMAN BAKE.

THIS gentleman, who was one of the oldest members of the Manchester City Council, died at his residence, Bird's Cliff, Cheetham Hill, on Monday evening last, in his 79th year. With the single exception of Mr. Alderman Heywood, Mr. Bake's period of service in the Council was the longest without interruption. He was first returned to the Council in 1843, that being also the same date of Mr. Alderman Heywood's first return, but Mr. Bake's absence from the Council for twelve months has caused his period of consecutive service to be shorter than Mr. Heywood's. His election to the Aldermanic chair took place in 1865. He did not take much active part in Council debates, but as a committee-man his services were very useful. He was for many years chairman of the Hackney Coach committee, and his services have been also given in an active manner on the Watch committee, the Markets committee, the Improvements committee, and on the Town Hall committee. From his earliest connection with the Council, he has been a popular man with his colleagues. At the time of his decease, he also held the position of vice-chairman to the Prestwich Board of Guardians, of which body he has for many years been a prominent member. He was an indefatigable worker, and took an active interest in the management of the Manchester Racecourse, as chairman of the Directors. He was also for many years the honorary secretary of the Grand National and Ridgway Coursing Clubs. His genial and affable manner had made him innumerable friends, and we fancy that many of our good townsmen will find a rather heavy miss of Alderman James Bake. Peace to his manes.

## PICKINGS FROM THE "REFEREE."

J SEE that at Blackpool the pleasure-seekers are finding amusement in the doings of a gentleman who *skates on his head*. What a (n)ice head he must have! A man who can skate on his own head has, of course, solved the difficult problem of how to make both ends meet.

Carey is to be court-martialled because the Prince was killed. Was the Prince a kind of *Mother Carey's chicken*, then?

Cetewayo wants a conference. Now, Messrs. Beaky and Salisbury, can't you do a sensation trip to Cape Town and bring us back some more "peace with honour?" A congress would settle the matter directly. A friendly meeting would put everything right, and the festivities might wind up with a grand ball at the King's Kraal. Beaky and Mrs. Cetewayo, Salisbury and Mrs. Cetewayo No. 2, Cetewayo and Lady Frere, and Chelmsford and Mrs. Dabulmanzi—there would be a nice little quadrille party.

It is whispered that Turnerelli, in sheer disgust, has sent the laurel wreath to Cetewayo. Cetewayo certainly deserves it quite as much as the other fellow did.

If the present weather continues we shall have bread a shilling a loaf. Still, as the political economist remarked, "What does that matter, when you can always get a penny roll?"

Signor Farini has been summoned to the palace by King Humbert for consultation on the formation of a new Cabinet. Farini! Is the new ministry to be chosen from the flying trapeze, then? Zazel won't do for Minister of War, because *she flies from the cannon*.

Jenny Hill has *thrown up* the Hull Music Hall. It was something in the conditions that made her sick.

Swords as well as firearms appear to be risky things on the stage. At the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, the other night, the "Earl of Essex," breaking his weapon in presence of "Queen Elizabeth," allowed a portion of it to go scampering off into a private box, and to make a gash on the lip of Mrs. Saker, the wife of the lessee. I fancy that in breaking that weapon the Earl had to say "I'll never forsake her," and that the accident came close upon the last two words.

There was to be a grand review at Aldershot on Friday. The Duke of Cambridge arrived, and the troops were on the ground, but it began to rain, and His Royal Highness fled precipitately. You can't call our great commander a *wetter 'un*. He's never given himself the chance of being a *wet 'un* yet.

## MANCHESTER AMUSEMENTS.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

THE Flying Scud is still reigning here, but will be withdrawn after this week, to be replaced by Dion Boucicault's popular realistic drama *After Dark*. The approaching dramatic entertainment at this theatre, in recognition of the services rendered to histrionic art by the late Mr. Charles Calvert, will take place in September. The play fixed upon is *As you like it*, and the characters will be represented by distinguished amateurs. The names already mentioned as likely to take part in the representation give sufficient warranty for its success. Messrs. Tom Taylor, Arthur Sullivan, F. C. Burnand, G. Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Alma Tadema, Lewis Wingfield, H. Stacy Marks, J. D. Watson, J. Charlton, A. H. Marsh, Alfred Darbyshire, and J. Charlton have sent offers of assistance on the occasion. Mr. T. W. Gillibrand, 56, George Street, Manchester, has undertaken to act as honorary secretary to the committee.

## PRINCE'S THEATRE.

An adaptation of M. Sardou's comedy of *Nos Intimes* under the title of *Peril* is being played here to good houses. The piece was one of the most favourite dramas in the *répertoire* of the late Madlle. Beatrice, and the subject is of course identical with that of nine out of every ten dramas which come from French sources. It is certainly not free from the peculiar blight which renders this class of play objectionable in Puritan eyes, but its powerful interest and dramatic conception render it a most finished and attractive piece. The brilliant performing of the leading members of the company, in a great measure, effect the redemption of the drama from its otherwise objectionable feature, and the mounting of the piece is simply unexceptionable. *Stolen Kisses* is the announcement for Monday next.

## QUEEN'S THEATRE.

*The Scamps of London* is a most intensely melodramatic production, which we have seen before under another title. Nevertheless the title is quite an appropriate one, as it presents to the audience specimens of every grade of villainy, or at least as many species of it as can be conveniently compressed in one play. It is truly a "sensation" drama from beginning to end, and when the "scamps" are all foiled at last by the ubiquitous presence of the "heroic" scamp, who turns out to be one of nature's noblemen, the curtain falls upon a production which is at once entertaining and instructive, and does not leave any room to complain either of the drama or the company, except in the matter of length of time which is taken up ere the wicked scamps can be brought to poetic justice.

## THE ALEXANDRA HALL.

Fred Albert, who is so well known as a topical vocalist, is the lion at the above hall, and is nightly satisfying his audience by the *brusque* and happy manner in which he sings his effusions. Messrs. Milrose and Richards, the negro eccentrics, are first-rate, and Mr. Frank Marn, the American Irish vocalist and dancer, is a success. Mr. Charles Godfrey, whose singing gives very great satisfaction; Messrs. Craven and Conway, whose appearance is the signal for a good laugh; the Sisters Cuthbert, song and dance artistes; Mr. G. H. Duncan and Miss Jessie Sandle, form an excellent company, and a very good night's amusement is to be had at the Alexandra.

## THE GAIETY.

The clever shooting of the Austins has created quite a sensation at this establishment, and although, as a rule, we dislike gunpowder on the stage, we confess ourselves admirers of the dexterity displayed here. Dr. Holden's feats of legerdemain are also amusing. The old favourite, Mr. Sam Bagnall, has reappeared, and is in good voice, albeit one or two of his songs have a little objectionable ring about them. We have also Mr. J. Yarwood's Gaiety Quartette, Professor Slingsby's ventriloquial entertainment, and a bevy of performers of the gentler sex whose name is legion. Mesdames Rosa and Amy, duettists and dancers; Madlle. Zarah, equilibrist; Madlle. Adele, upon the invisible wire; Madlles. Annie and Louise, duettists and dancers; Miss Emily Schofield, serio-comic; and Miss Rose Lucelle's ballet troupe. In addition to these are Edwin and Eugenie Allnutt, duettists, and the Vernieres, athletes, whose can-can dance illustrations are immense.

**TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC** gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/9. of chemists.

## PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL.

With Jolly Little Lewis, who styles himself, and with good reason, "Manchester's greatest favourite," as the leading star, Mr. Burton's spacious music hall cannot fail to fill. Mr. Tom White is an entertaining comedian, and Madame Pedley, serio-comic, is successful in her endeavours to please. The Star Marionettes of Mr. H. Jennion are very amusing. The remainder of the company, consisting of Mr. A. Day, patter vocalist; Miss Amy Rowland, ballad vocalist; Mr. and Mrs. Leno, burlesque duettists; Mr. and Mrs. James Manhill, negro delineators; Dan Patrick, Irish vocalist; Professor W. Howard, ventriloquist; and the Sisters Lottie and Grace, duettists and dancers, are all up to the mark as public entertainers, and form a capital attraction.

## A FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORESS.

THE Boston Traveller says:—"The announcement of the death of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale must have affected all who take an interest in literature and longevity much as Macaulay was affected by the death of Madame D'Arblay (Fanny Burney). Mrs. Hale was born in 1790, before Washington had completed the first half of the first term of his Presidency, and she has died in her 89th year. She was born only 18 months after Fenimore Cooper, and she survived him almost 29 years; she published 'Northwood' in 1827, the same year in which Cooper published 'The Red Rover.' 'Northwood' is a work that bears repeated readings, and as there was not a glut of American novelists when it appeared, it made a name for the author; and it keeps the place it won in 1827, so far as a first place can be kept after the lapse of 52 years. Even were it a dull work it would be a good work, for it preserves pictures of American life that are fast getting thrust into space through the mighty exertions of electric telegraphs and railway lines. Very little of the social life of half a century since can now be seen, and the young are as ignorant of it as they are of that of the colonial age. It can be learnt what it was only in the pages of such works as 'Northwood.' When that novel came out, Hawthorne was but a youth and had written nothing, and Hawthorne has been sleeping at Concord for 15 years. Longfellow was still younger, and Holmes was younger than Longfellow; and both are now old men, with reputations as wide as the world. Whittier came upon the stage after she had become known, and Emerson not very far from the same time. Kennedy and Bryant were younger than Mrs. Hale, and they began to publish before she had thought of writing, and she survived them both, and also Simms, Poe, and Leggett. Ticknor, Prescott, Hillard, Legaré, Edmund Quincy, Theodore Parker, Theodore Winthrop, belong to the lettered procession that she saw depart. She was in her 20th year when the first of our novelists, Charles Brockden Brown, died, in 1810, but a few weeks after Washington Irving's cleverest work had come out. She was ten years older than Mr. Bancroft, and about three years younger than Richard Henry Dana, who died a few weeks ago. She may have read Washington's farewell address in the week of its appearance, and she died on the day after the appearance of President Hayes's last veto message. Her life all but spanned our national history under the existing policy, and she saw that wonderful material growth of her country that has placed it among the greatest nations of the world. Her works show a various capacity, and her industry was unrivalled. 'Northwood' was not her first work, as she published a volume of poems in 1823, the very year in which Mr. Cooper gave to the world 'The Pioneers' and 'The Pilot.'"

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